Inside Story of a Diplomatic Tempest in the Far East

One Who Helped Straighten Out Tangle Tells How Sultan Proved Embarrassing Guest of American Representative in Cairo

By LIEUT. NEGLEY FARSON, R. A. F.

A GREAT Balkan statesman has just given us his reminiscences. Written as they were, after the smoke of the world war had cleared away, they stand as a classic in the "I told you so" form of literature, and pointedly remind one of the old Swedish proverb, "You can always pick the winner—after the race."

And, as all correctly written reminiscences should, they leave with you the impression that their author must have been a great man. In this case he was.

I mention this because in following his example I am sure that I am committing no treach of diplomatic etiquette in revealing to the world the secrets of a certain dinner party in Cairo that nearly caused an open rupture between the two great friendly Powers—Great Britain and America. As I was fortunate enough, in a modest way, to be of assistance in clearing up this incident, I feel that I am free, and in a good position, to give the true account of what actually took place.

Fuad I., the present Sultan of Egypt, is the eighth ruler of the dynasty of Muhammed Ali, who, appointed Governor of Egypt in 1805, made himself absolute master of the country by force of arms in 1811. The title given to Muhammed Ali and his immediate successors was the Turkish one of Vali or Viceroy, which was changed by the imperial firman of June 12, 1867, into the Persian Arabic of the Khidew-Misr, or as more commonly called the Khedive.

Rise and Fall of Ismail I.

Ismail I., father of the present Sultan, was recognized as Khedive by the Imperial Hatti Sherif of February 13, 1841, issued under the guarantee of the five European Powers.

By a firman issued June 8, 1873, the Sultan of Turkey granted to Ismail I. the rights hitherto withheld of concluding commercial treaties with foreign powers and of maintaining armies.

Ismail I. did not play up to form, and in 1879 he was forced to abdicate under pressure of the British and French governments.

On December 8, 1914, a British Protectorate over Egypt was declared, and on the next day a proclamation was issued deposing Abbas Hilmi and conferring the title of Sultan of Egypt upon Hussein Kamil, the eldest living Prince of the family of Muhammed Ali.

In 1917 he died, and October 9, 1917, the present Sultan, Ahmed Fuad Pasha, G. C. B., succeeded to the throne at the reasonable age of 49. This British Protectorate was recognized by France, Russia, Belgium, Greece, Portugal and the United States, and under its wise and beneficent guidance Fuad I., remembering the unhappy record of his predecessors, has ruled as all good Sultans should, with the result that Egypt has had prosperity such as she has never known in modern history. If he has inherited any of the warlike spirit of the original Muhammed Ali he prefers not to show it, but has been content to occupy his ornate palaces of Montaza, Ramleh and Gizeh; to maintain his racing stables and to carry out his official duties in the manner suggested by his advisers. England, with her sagacious respect for the religious and institutions of the lands she occupies, accords him the greatest dignity in her reactionship.

I had occasion to witness an excellent instance of this deference paid to a puppet throne in the summer of 1918 when I was a patient in the Ras el Tin military hospital at Alexandria. During my stay there we were inspected by nearly all the dignitaries who visited the city, among whom were Gens. Boyle, "Bull" Allenby (now the High Commissioner of Egypt) and Sir Reginald Wingate, then the High Commissioner. For all these notables both the hospital and ourselves were scrubbed and placed in immaculate order for their official inspection; but these preparations were as naught compared to that which we underwent to meet the approval of the Sultan, Fuad I.

A perfect orgy of cleansing was indulged in, until we actually felt embarrassed to be ill in such a spotless place. And on the morning of his visit, to show a full and thriving hospital, *all walking patients were put back to bed*, where in long agonized rows we awaited the pleasure of his Highness. It was a mark of signal esteem, and one I shall never forget, as I was forced to give up a luncheon engagement I had for that day at the Union Club in Alexandria!

Dressed in the red tarboosh and khaki uniform of an officer in the Egyptian army, the Sultan, followed by his imposing staff, strode to my sick bed.

"Vous etes blesse, M'sieu?"

"Ah, oui, Votre Hautesse."

"C'est dommage!"

"Ah, oui, Votre Hautesse."

"J'espere que vous serai mieux bientot."

"Ah, oui, Votre Hautesse."

He impressed me as an extraordinarily kind and human potentate, who, in that blistering heat, was suffering from too much adipose tissue.

As Egypt is under the British Protectorate the position of the leading foreign diplomats accredited to the Sultan is of a necessity extremely ambiguous and a species of hybrid official, a cross between the diplomatic and consular service, is the way in which the problem has been solved. These officials, carrying water on both shoulders, have the title Consul General and Diplomatic Agent.

At the time of which I write the representative of the United States of America in this office was Hampson Gary, now the United States Minister to Switzerland. Through no fault of his own, this able diplomat was to discover that his position could have its disadvantages and be fraught with considerable embarrassment.

One of the prime requisites for an Ambassador abroad is having the ability and the finances with which to entertain lavishly, and in particular to provide good dinners. And it was in the excellent repast he laid before the Sultan in November, 1918, that Mr. Gary unwittingly trod upon the toes of the British lion in the residency across the way.

Clouds of Political Unrest.

At that time the political unrest that broke out in 1919 was beginning to smoulder among the Egyptian Nationalists, and all realized that we stood upon the verge of great trouble with the natives. The Mohammedan University of El-Azhar at Cairo was responsible for most of this discontent, as from its mosque protected portals emanated most of the fierce anti-British propaganda that was so disturbing the followers of the Prophet. And not desiring to make any move in the East that could be construed as an act against the precepts of Islam, the British were restrained from taking any steps to curb this baleful influence. In fact, so tolerant was the British administration toward this institution that I had often heard highly placed British army officials complaining that the political service did not seem to be even aware of the major part taken by the students of this school in the agitation against the British rule throughout the entire East.

Having come from Russia, where during the revolution I had seen this same type of conceited half baked student playing about among the peasants with a lot of wild political theories in much the same manner an ignorant child would carry an exposed candle through an open powder magazine, I saw at once in these popeyed students of El Azhar the same dangerous, ignorant conceit and realized acutely the truth of the saying that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

Also having served nearly a year with the British army in Egypt, and witnessed the splendid qualities of English rule there, I sympathized with the Colonel of a Gurkha regiment, who discussing El-Azhar said to me with bitter emphasis: "If they'd just let me go in there with about two hundred of my men . . . we'd cut the heart right out of all this bally agitation."

I don't know, of course, but I think that upon the night he had the honor of entertaining the Sultan Mr. Gary must have harbored much the same strong sentiments. The Consul-General and Diplomatic Agent had no ulterior motive in asking the Sultan to dine with him other than to extend the courtesy of an official but nevertheless excellent dinner, and as one of the Sultan's chief duties is the eating of such dinners he accepted with alacrity.

Natives in Wild Demonstration.

Unfortunately the half-witted intelligence of the El-Azhar students saw in this dinner the recognition by the United States of America of "Egypt for the Egyptians," their slogan of the moment, and a few moments after the arrival of the Sultan the street in front of the agency was packed with a howling mob of natives, screeching in a babel of Arabic and broken English.

The British Residency is on the diagonal corner from the American Agency, and Sir Reginald Wingate and his staff, as a consequence, could not help but hear all that took place in front of the abode of the American official.

Mr. Gary realized this, and when the cries of "Down with the English! Egypt for the Egyptians!" and "Long live America!" reached his astonished ears his appetite abruptly got up and left. He saw that he had made a diplomatic "bull"; the presence of the Sultan in the American Agency at such a time was a mistake. It was obvious that he could not ask the Sultan to leave, and the Sultan, daintily titivating with his prawns a la Groppie, appeared in no hurry to depart. On the contrary, he showed a polite indifference to what was taking place outside; that was his host's affair. In pleasing French he exchanged the customary bon mots with his beautiful hostess.

The excitement in the street outside increased in violence until, finding that he was too choked with emotion to be able to swallow even one prawn, Mr. Gary decided to have the mob removed; pleading some excuse, he succeeded in reaching the telephone and there summoned the native police.

These spindle-shanked worthies, arriving upon the scene, were promptly swallowed by the crowd and the uproar continued with undiminished violence.

Matters had reached a fearful contretemps when Mr. Gary thought of the fire brigade; this was summoned. If there is one thing that the native Egyptian loathes—on the outside—it is water.

The city of Cairo's fire fighters galloped up, resplendent in their brass Roman helmets. The long hose was unrolled and a Niagara of water descended upon the natives. It saved the night! With howls of execration the bedraggled students of El-Azhar and their converts dispersed to their respective homes, and Mr. Gary and the Sultan were left to continue their dinner. The Sultan appeared quite unmoved, but the representative of the United States of America could not fall in with his mood. He knew that within forty-eight hours Downing Street and Washington would be bubbling with discussion over what had taken place; for him the incident meant the beginning of reams of embarrassing official explanation and stiff correspondence.

But Mr. Gary, as I have remarked, was an able diplomat; he knew the art of throwing up straws to see which way the wind blows! And the next day, at the sundown "stand up" at Shepheard's bar, the Consul sought me out. After explaining the happenings of the previous evening he stated that he had been instructed to ascertain how much importance the different Englishmen in Cairo attached to the incident. It was from the manner of their reception of the affair that Mr. Gary must take his cue for action.

"Come over to the Turf Club," said the Consul. "We will feel their pulse."

This is where I played my modest part in assisting to clear up the incident.

"Good evening, Mr. So-and-So," the Consul bowed to a thirsty planter or civil service official," let me introduce you to Mr. X——." The Consul then bowed to me and gave the faintest flicker of a wink.

I would shake hands with Mr. So-and-So and then, looking at the Consul, say in a dry voice, "I say, let's have a drink."

"Certainly," would reply the Consul to me, "Won't you join Us, Mr. So-and-So?"

And Mr. So-and-So invariably would!

We would then sit down on the old Rhinoceros hide divan under the head of the Cape buffalo, and either the Consul or I would casually remark, "Extraordinary, what a row those 'gippies' made in front of the Agency last night, wasn't it?"

"Ra-ather," was Mr. So-and-So's answer.

Then we would pry ourselves loose from him and inveigle the next Mr. So-and-So to have a drink; whereupon we would diplomatically lead the conversation to last night's disturbance.

"Ra-ather" seemed to be the correct and universal response to our leading question; and the Englishman's talk upon the subject usually stopped with that one word.

The End of a Diplomatic Day.

Acting as a buffer state for the Consul's conversation I found that I was consuming an inordinate amount of whiskey and soda, so my part of the conversations became smaller and smaller as the time, and the various Mr. So-and-Sos, passed by. And finally, to my sincere relief, he announced that we were through for the day.

Driving back to Shepheard's the cool breeze revived me somewhat. "I think our mission was a 'dud,'" I declared, "all that you could get out of them was 'ra-ather.'"

He smiled. "That was enough. It wasn't what they said; it was the way they looked and the way they said it that I wanted to see." Then he looked at me and laughed, "They're a great race, aren't they?"

"Tha's a fac'," said I.

"Listen," he said seriously, "when dealing with Englishmen and England here's a little bit of poetry you ought to remember:

"If England was what England seems,
"And not the England of our dreams,
"But only putty, brass and paint,
"How quick we'd chuck her—but she ain't."

"That's a fac'," I said approvingly.

Our 'gharry' pulled up at Shepheard's. "Come on," said the Consul, "I think I'll take you up to your room; you had better lie down for a bit."

He smiled, "This diplomatic life is wearing you out."

PRINCE FUAD PASHA

HAMPSON GARY.
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Hampson Gary's Plight Due to Demonstration by Natives That Threatened to Set British Lion to Roaring

State Richer by $4,000,000

EUGENE M. TRAVIS, State Comptroller, reports in his July pamphlet of the New York State finances that a Federal trust fund amounting to $4,014,520 may revert to the State's coffers in the next few months. This loan, called the United States Deposit Fund, was originally created out of surplus revenues which the United States distributed to the several commonwealths in 1837. The total amount apportioned was $28,101,644, of which New York's share is the abovenamed sum. This share has since been held in trust, the annual interest, now exceeding $150,000, being used for educational purposes.

The Comptroller says in his pamphlet that in years gone by the management of the fund was vested in county loan commissioners, who made many unwise and reckless investments in real estate and mortgages, and it was not until 1910 that the Comptroller was authorized to invest the funds in securities. Since then the total amount loaned on these mortgages has been reduced from $1,318,199 (1910) to $570,306 (1920). At present mortgages to this amount are still outstanding, although each year a number are either paid or assigned, until about $4,000,000 is now invested in salable municipal securities bearing a profitable rate of interest.

New York and about two or three other States have been the only commonwealths who have preserved this trust fund intact. Recently the Government authorities recommended that this item of indebtedness be wiped off the books, but the necessary legislation to accomplish this has not so far provided for the cancelling and return of certificates of indebtedness which the Empire State issued to the Federal Government. To correct this and to expedite the necessary details incident to completing the gift to the State Comptroller has written the Federal authorities urging that final action be taken as early as possible.

Sizing Up Babe Ruth in Comparison With Other Diamond Giants

By CHARLES F. MATHISON.

THE first glimpse of the six feet two inches of bone and muscle known to the baseball public as Babe Ruth gives an impression of tremendous power. The loose fitting baseball uniform, while to a certain extent hiding his muscular development, does not entirely conceal the powerfully constructed frame of the greatest batsman in the history of the American national game.

As he walks toward the home plate, swinging the largest bat in use with the ease that a fairy queen might swing a feathery wand, one observes that the outfielders mechanically walk to the limits of the field and await the explosion. The long arms, big hands and heavy shoulders are noticeable as he takes his place within the batsman's lines and waves his bat menacingly at the by no means cool or confident pitcher. If Ruth wore his hair long, after the fashion of Samson previous to that strong man's meeting with Delilah, the first female barber, and if the ball player's huge torso were draped with a leopard's skin garments and his hands armed with a war club of antediluvian formation, he would throw into the shade any of the giants of o'd, mythical or real.

When Ruth Smites the Ball.

It is when Ruth's bat swishes through the air to meet the approaching ball that the amazing power of the man is disclosed. If the wooden weapon hits the ball the spheroid speeds away as though discharged from a Big Bertha, and seldom do the fielders have the good luck to get their hands on it. Never did Thor with his magic sledgehammer deal more terrific blows than does Ruth when his bat smites the ball. And when he misses, his 205 pounds, after swirling about like a dancing dervish, strikes the ground with a jolt like a steel girder slipping from the chains at the eleventh story.

With small doubt it is the terrific strain on his joints following the missing of the ball that wrenched one of Ruth's knees and has served to handicap him in his effort to make fifty home runs during the season. Despite his great height and bulk, Ruth is a fleet and able outfielder and a speedy base runner. This is a quality seldom possessed by athletes of his size.

In watching Ruth at bat the conclusion is inevitable that the force with which he drives the ball depends largely on the wide swing permitted by his long arms and height and by the application of every ounce of his bulk to the blow delivered to the ball. Not only is this fact driven home by the home run drives of Ruth, but it is substantiated by the facts of history as furnished by the batting records of the past. A list of batting champions of the National League shows that only two undersized players held the honors. These were Willie Keeler of Brooklyn and Hugh Duffy of Boston.

Keeler, who was known as "Wee Willie," never weighed more than 135 pounds, stood 5 feet 3 inches, and used a bat about the size of a potato masher. Yet the little chap, who had an eye like an eagle, consistently hit the ball to those parts of the field where the defence was thinnest. "Hit 'em where they ain't" was Keeler's motto, and it enabled him to lead the league in 1897 with .432 and again in 1898 with .397.

Keeler was not famous for home run drives, but he was successful in tapping the leather over the heads of the infielders and not far enough to be caught by the outfielders.

He also made a specialty of bunting the ball and beating the throw to first. Considering his size, Keeler was one of the most remarkable hitters in the history of baseball.

Hugh Duffy of Boston was no taller than Keeler, but was stockily built and weighed about 160 pounds. He was the batting champion in 1894 with .438. In addition to being a heavy and consistent hitter he was a crack outfielder.

Paul Radford of Providence, Bobby Lowe of Boston and John McGraw of Baltimore comparatively speaking were little fellows. All were good hitters, but none ever led his league with the stick.

Among the Giants of early baseball days who achieved fame with the club was James L. White, known as the Deacon, who played with Chicago, Boston, Buffalo and Detroit. He was an angular, wiry chap, six feet tall and had a penchant for sending swift, vicious grounders shooting toward third. He was a left handed hitter and he seemed to chop the ball with the end of his stick and drive the ball to left. He seldom hit to right field.

White had the distinction of being a member of two Big Fours. The first was composed of A. G. Spalding, James L. White, Cal McVey and Ross Barnes, who were with Boston in the National Association, 1871 to 1875, but joined the National League at Chicago in 1876.

The second Big Four was composed of Dan Brouthers, Deacon White, Jack Rowe and Hardy Richardson, who first played together in Buffalo, and were purchased by Detroit in 1885.

The nearest approach to Ruth in size and style was Dan Brouthers, who in his prime stood 6 feet 2 inches, weighed 220 pounds and hit left handed. Brouthers was essentially a line hitter, whereas Ruth sends the ball soaring so high and far it seldom comes back, nor can it be found.

In the early days of the game, when Brouthers could call for a low ball, between the belt and the knee, his low line drives were the dismay of outfielders. If the ball was hit midway between the positions of centre and right the greatest speed of fielders in an effort to close in on the flying sphere was unavailing and a stern chase to the fence was their task.

Brouthers led the league in 1882 with .367, and in 1883 with .350, while in Buffalo. He led while with Boston in 1889 with .373, and in 1892, while with Brooklyn, he tied for first place with Cupid Childs of Cleveland with .335.

Anson the Picturesque.

No more picturesque player than Adrian C. Anson ever brandished a bat at the pitcher. He was 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighed 230 pounds in good condition. With yellowish, closely cropped hair, ruddy complexion, and arrayed in the dark blue uniform, white stockings and overwhelming confidence characteristic of the Chicagos of the early 80's, Anson, usually referred to as the Big Swede, was an imposing figure. He also was given to line hitting. He batted right handed and usually drove the ball with terrific speed between or over the heads of the infielders. He led the National League batters four times—1879, 1881, 1887 and 1888.

It is noticeable that champion batters who have led their leagues frequently in percentage, have not been successful in the accumulation of doubles, triples and homers. Although Ruth has now made a greater number of home runs than any major league batter, he has yet to stand at the top of his league in batting percentage.

Buck Freeman, whose twenty-five home runs were the first mark at which Ruth aimed, never led in batting, and Ed Williamson, who was credited with twenty-seven home runs in a season, never was batting champion.

On the other hand, Ty Cobb, who has been the batting champion of the American League twelve times, has never attracted much attention for long drives.

John Wagner of Pittsburg, who led the National League in batting eight times, was not noted as a long distance hitter. Wagner was a striking figure. Six feet tall and built on the square rigged plan, with broad shoulders, long arms and large hands, he seemed to get a sweep at the ball with a large bat that made trouble for the fielders every time he swung. Wagner also was bow legged, but he was a great short stop, and few grounders got away from his clutches.

Wagner was champion batter in 1900, 1903, 1904, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909 and 1911.

Cobb first led the American League in 1907, and in every succeeding year except 1916, when he was nosed out by Tris Speaker.

Cobb is a six footer, but rather slenderly constructed, his weight being 175 pounds. He has a remarkable batting eye and he is a crack outfielder.

All of the great hitters of the past were big men, 6 feet tall or more and weighing close to 200 pounds. Examples were Roger Connor, Mike Kelly, Abner Dalrymple, Ed Delehanty, Jim O'Rourke, George Gore, Dave Orr, Tip O'Neill, Pete Browning, Napoleon Lajoie and others.

Therefore it appears that weight, neight, strength and a quick eye are required in the making of a champion batsman.

BABE RUTH. JOHN WAGNER. TY COBB.